The World

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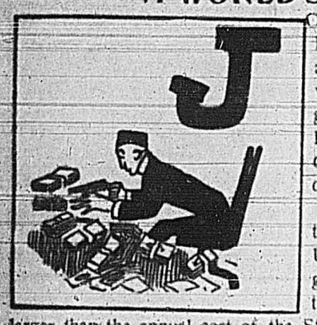
A WORLD'S RECORD.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER now holds the world's record for giving away money. The $32,000,000 which he has added to his previous gifts to the General Education Board makes up a total of $43,000,000 donated by him to this one object alone.

This is a vast sum—as large as the cost of the Government of the United States in the early days, greater than the total revenues of the State of New York in any year, larger than the annual cost of the State and city governments of the whole South or the States west of the Mississippi.

Two questions naturally arise at the announcement. One is how did Mr. Rockefeller get all this money, and second, what good will his giving it away in this manner do?

How Mr. Rockefeller got this money everybody knows. He began as a boy. He has the money-making instinct which made it as inevitable for him to grow rich as for him to eat and to sleep. By chance as much as by judgment this money-making faculty was concentrated upon the petroleum industry. If it had been turned to lumber or railroads or coal or anything else the inherent workings of Mr. Rockefeller's mind would have produced essentially similar results by like methods. The story is old and has been often told.

Evidently Mr. Rockefeller now believes that restitution in some form should be made to the community for the wealth which he has amassed by overcharging the community. Some nine million families in the United States use kerosene, averaging about one fifty-gallon-barrel per year to the family. The money which Mr. Rockefeller has given away is equivalent to two cents a gallon on this consumption for five years or free kerosene for more than one year. It is equivalent to the year's earnings of one hundred thousand farmers, more than the year's earnings of all the lawyers and doctors in New York, about equal to all the year's savings-bank interest in this State.

And what good will the giving away of this money to the General Education Board do? Mr. Carnegie tried a similar experiment in Scotland, with demoralizing results.

Free primary education is a necessity to the perpetuity of a free commonwealth, but free higher education has a tendency to divert energy and ability from their natural channels, to spoil its recipients and to handicap by unfair competition those men and women who are capable of working their own way.

The problem of making money was to Mr. Rockefeller simple. The problem of giving away money to the best advantage requires another kind of brain.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

AT the legislative hearing on the Woman Suffrage bill the women in opposition were 5 to 1. Ordinary men took no part in the debate. The speakers against the bill were all women—most of them married women—and their main argument was that women could now accomplish what they wanted in civic affairs without the right to vote, and that the extension of the right to vote to women would lessen rather than increase woman's influence.

It is probably the fact that the proportion of men in favor of woman suffrage is larger than the proportion of women. Any time women want to vote they will vote. The married men of this State at least have learned by experience the futility of opposing their wives' wishes, and any time the wives of the State of New York want to vote their husbands will amend the State constitution accordingly.

When, however, if the time should ever come, women decide to vote, and to be placed on an exact legal equality with men, they will in common fairness have to amend the present laws about alimony, dower and other women's property rights, so that men will have claim upon their wives' earnings and personal estates in like manner with the existing protection given to women.

Letters from the People.

Empire State Battleship.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am in favor of naming the greatest battleship after the Empire State. Our representatives should be approached and urged to use their influence in naming one of the ships of the Dreadnought class after our most powerful State. As small Delaware has been honored by having a battleship named for her, there is no reason why New York should be behind in this matter.

PETER E. DONOHUE.

The Whale Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A whale's head is 10 feet long. His tail is as long as his head plus one-half the length of his body and his body is as long as his head and tail together. How long is the whale, his head and his body? Here is the solution: Ten feet = length of head; x = length of body; 10+½x = length of tail; x = 10+10+½x, or x = 20+½x. 2 x = 40+x, x = 40 feet = length of body; 10+½x = 30 feet = length of tail; 10 feet x 40 feet + 30 feet = 80 feet, length of entire whale.

I. A.

Guarding Against Burglars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We hear much lately about burglars breaking into homes. Whether in the city or in a lonely country place a house should be reasonably secure against surprise by marauders. Wire netting over the lower windows and glass doors is a good precaution. Street doors, rear doors and hall doors ought to be fitted with good chain bolts. Yes, even sitting-room doors and bedroom doors should have them. Thus if a scoundrel should happen to break into a house he couldn't do it without making a good deal of noise, and he would have to repeat the process at the door of every room he tried to enter. The inmates would then have a chance to arm or at least to open a window and make an outcry. W. S.

The Servant Question.

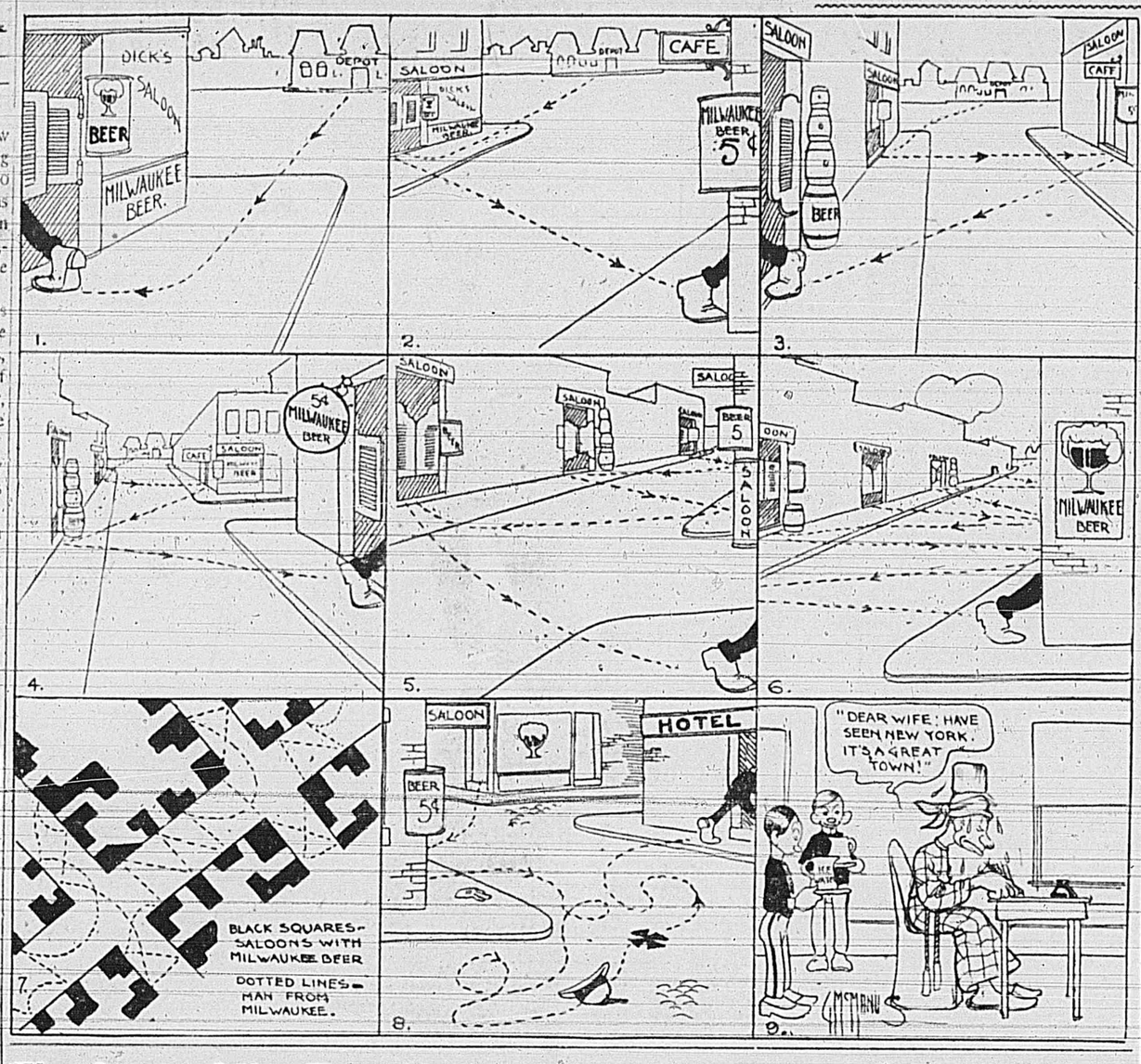
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I hear there is much poverty and that many an honest girl longs for good employment. Two days in succession I applied for a general housework girl at $20 a month for a family of three. Not one girl could I get. Now, if girls really needed work and if their families were poor, why did none apply? Twenty dollars a month, with board and lodging thrown in, is better than $8 or $9 a week at factory or store. I wish readers would discuss this. There must be some reason. Some years ago servants were easier to hire. Yet nowadays the work is easier and the pay much better. And girls don't seem to want the work.

HOUSEWIFE.

The Man from Milwaukee

By George McManus.



The Law of the Two Hats

By Walter A. Sinclair.

(Mr. Norfleet introduced a bill in the Missouri Legislature limiting women's hats to two a year at $1.98 each.)

"TWO bonnets a year?" Oh, dear! but we fear
That the ladies will not be delighted.
It's true in Mizoo that this number might do
Where the terms of the law were recited.
That State fixed the rate at plain "one-ninety-eight,"
A bargain sale scheme for the ladies.
But they'd not stand pat on the law of the Hat,
Nor eke would the dear little maidies.

Two hats to a year may seem queer, but some here
Have never been given that many.
To judge from some dames (and we will not use names)
Who never were seen yet with any.

In summer you meet these same dames on the street,
Bareheaded, sleeves rolled to the shoulder.
And now daykoltay they pass bound for the play
Silk-kerchiefed when weather is colder.

Oh fudge! also rats! why make laws for the hats
When each of the statesmen so doin'
Will need a new hat to duplicate that
Which he's just talked into a ruin.
Let a good job be done; limit hats down to one.
Oh, why with the case have they flirted?
Just let that law pass and you'll see not a lass
Missouri will soon be deserted.

The Chorus Girl Tells How Dopey McKnight Saved the Day for George at the Arion Ball

"Fifteen Minutes After Dopey and the Musical Swede Got Inside the Wine Room There Was Nothing to It."

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WHERE was you last Friday night, that you wasn't at the Arion ball?" asked the Chorus Girl.

"Such a time! Mamma De Branscombe had been banting for it for a week, and as for George, the wine agent, who is Amy's fiance, he's been so feverish and nervous that two nights before the ball, when a waiter brought him a domestic water instead of Apollinaris, he didn't say a word.

"George said he knew the Pink Seal people was out to put the bee on him this time for fair.

"Of course, George said, a wine man had his pride just as well as anybody else, and if the Pink Seal people and all the rest of the brands put together wanted to make the test as to which wine had the call at a national affair like the Arion, why he'd be there, yours truly, with bells on, and give them a run for their money.

"Now was the time, George said, when guys that was his friends would prove it. He said he didn't believe in imposition, and he couldn't promise tickets to everybody, because his firm only bought fifty at ten a throw. For, do you think, George said, that the Arions give a single 'comp.' to a wine house? Not much!

"But George said he could promise this, and we could spread the glad tidings that any of his friends or our friends that would be there throwing the swell front, he'd see to it that any dust they got in their throats on the dancing floor or promenade would promptly be washed away with 'Perfect Brut' in the wine room.

"George said he begged us, and he begged all h's friends, not to ring in any amateurs that had just flew away from the squab farm.

"Because it looked bad for the wine to have 'em go out and down early in the game, and it hurt the wine to have any scenes, because people has been known to holler 'Shame!' when ladies is carried out to cabs by the waiters.

"He wanted ladies who could tote an invisible bun and would neither make war medicine because another lady made any friendly plays for her escort and who'd also have a vole faire that would make 'em act always the lady and keep 'em from thinking that it was up to them to get on top the table and dance the mattchiche.

"Not, as George said, that he objected to a little innocent fun at a wine party, but the Arion Ball was a serious business matter to the wine trade, and he'd heard that the Pink Seal people had money out on all sides to crab him, and the slightest indiscretion, like high kicking or scratching somebody's face, might lead to the ignominy of arrest and unpleasant notoriety for his brand, which might be alluded to as 'the stuff that makes you scrap.'

"Mamma De Branscombe said that people who could sink so low as to call for other brands, when everybody knew that George's wine was THE wine and there was nothing to it, could only be described as fiends in human form.

"'Be a brave girl,' she said to Amy, 'and drink George's wine with a trusting, steadfast heart and stand by him when his enemies in the trade is trying to hand him the harpoon. If you can't do this,' said Mamma De Branscombe, 'take off his plighted ring—and it certainly is a swell spark—take off his plighted ring and say, "George, I am unworthy to be your bride." If you can't stand by him now without a hiccough, henceforth you are no child of mine." And Mamma De Branscombe burst into tears, because she'd been in training for the ball for two weeks, and although none save those who knew her well could have told she had her pots, she sure had 'em.

"We all was nervous, and we had a right to be, because when we got down to the wine room, a little after eleven, George gritted his teeth because he saw that the Pink Seal people had taken an unfair advantage with a flying start and had all the newspaper men at their table.

"Them newspaper men is certainly the human thirsts, and although George and two of his assistant pluggers got sore feet running out to the ballroom and bringing in every friendly Indian in sight, still the Pink Seal people was twenty-two bottles ahead, and George, with agony on his brow, saw that he'd overlooked another trick and that the Pink Seal people had brought a lot of actors in to drink their wine, and you know what an actor can do to a basket of wine when he don't have to pay for it.

"It wasn't 1 o'clock before George saw that 'Perfect Brut' was crabbed, so far as the Arion Ball was concerned, and in his desperation he started to drink his own wine and left his Apollinaris untasted.

"'I can never look my firm in the face!' said George, but at that he was game, and when Mamma De Branscombe started to pour it on the floor he hollered 'Nix! Fight fair!'

"At these words Mamma De Branscombe had an idea. 'Git a cab and drive to that Seventh avenue plunge where Dopey McKnight and the Musical Swede is every night. What them two won't do to wine is a-plenty!' says she.

"It was too important to leave to a deputy. George went hisself. On his way back they run over to a all-night masquerade outfitter on the Bowery and hired two dress suits, and Dopey McKnight and the Musical Swede put 'em on in the cab over their other clothes.

"Say, kid, fifteen minutes after Dopey and the Musical Swede got inside the wine room there was nothing to it!

"The corks popped like bulls out of a Roman candle; George went back to Apollinaris, and at 3 o'clock the Pink Seal people gave up the fight, and the waiters cheered when it was announced as the ball broke up that there was more Perfect Brut drunk than all other brands put together.

"Dopey and the Musical Swede had got down to licking up all the pints, and George, almost delirious with joy, was handing out five-dollar tips and having the waiters run outside for more of his wine, as all at the ball was gone.

"When it was all over, the Pink Seal people come over and asked to be introduced to our friends.

"George took Dopey and the Musical Swede home with us in his automobile, but they complained of being thirsty and we had to go by way of their favorite plunges so they could have a drink of something satisfying.

"Say, kid, I ain't over it yet. What's the best headache powders—them wafers or aromatic spirits of ammonia?"

☆ Plain Tales from the Hills. ☆

By Rudyard Kipling.

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

Tods's Amendment.

The World hath set its heavy yoke
Upon the old white-bearded folk
Who strive to please the King.
God's mercy is upon the young.
God's wisdom in the baby tongue
That fears not anything.
The Parable of Chuju Bhagat.

NOW, Tods's mamma was a singularly charming woman, and every one in Simla knew Tods. Most men had saved him from death on occasions. He was beyond his ayah's control altogether, and perilled his life daily to find out what would happen if you pulled a mountain battery mule's tail. He was an utterly fearless young Pagan, about six years old, and the only baby who ever broke the holy calm of the Supreme Legislative Council.

It happened this way: Tods's pet kid got loose and tied up the hill, off the Bolleaugunge road. Tods after it, until it burst into the Viceregal Lodge lawn, then attached to "Peterhoff." The Council were sitting at the time, and the windows were open because it was warm. The Red Lancer in the porch told Tods to go away; but Tods knew the Red Lancer and most of the Members of Council personally. Moreover, he had firm hold of the kid's collar and was being dragged all across the flowerbeds.

"Give my salaam to the long Councillor Sahib and ask him to help me to take Moti back!" gasped Tods. The Council heard the noise through the open windows; and after an interval was seen the shocking spectacle of a legal member and a Lieutenant-Governor helping under the direct patronage of a commander-in-chief and a viceroy one small and very dirty boy in a sailor's suit and a tangle of brown hair to coerce a lively and rebellious kid. They headed it off down the path to the Mall, and Tods went home in triumph and told his mamma that all the Councillor Sahibs had been helping him to catch Moti. Whereat his mamma smacked Tods for interfering with the administration of the empire; but Tods met the Legal member the next day and told him in confidence that if the Legal Member ever wanted to catch a goat he, Tods, would give him all the help in his power.

"Thank you, Tods," said the Legal Member.

Tods was the idol of some eighty jhamparis, and half as many salaes. He saluted them all as "O Brother." It never entered his head that any living human being could disobey his orders; and he was the buffer between the servants and his mamma's wrath. The working of that household turned on Tods, who was adored by every one from the dhoby to the dog-boy. Even Futteh Khan, the villainous loafer chit from Mussoorie, shirked risking Tods's displeasure for fear his co-mates should look down on him.

So Tods had honor in the land from Bolleaugunge to Chota Simla, and ruled justly according to his lights. Of course, he spoke Urdu, but he had also mastered many other sidespeeches like the chotee bolee of the women, and held grave converse with shopkeepers and Hill-coolies alike. He was precocious for his age, and his mixing with natives had taught him some of the more bitter truths of life; the meanness and the sordidness of it. He used over his bread and milk to deliver solemn and serious aphorisms, translated from the vernacular into the English, that made his mamma jump and vow that Tods must go home next hot weather.

Just when Tods was in the bloom of his power the Supreme Legislature were hacking out a bill for the Sub-Montane Tracts, a revision of the then act, smaller than the Punjab Land bill, but affecting a few hundred thousand people none the less. The Legal Member had built and bolstered and embroidered and amended that bill till it looked beautiful on paper. Then the Council began to settle what they called the "minor details." As if any Englishman legislating for natives knows enough to know which are the minor and which are the major points, from the native point of view, of any measure!

That bill was a triumph of "safeguarding the interests of the tenant." One clause provided that land should not be leased on longer terms than five years at a stretch, because, if the landlord had a tenant bound down for, say, twenty years, he would squeeze the very life out of him. The notion was to keep up a stream of independent cultivators in the Sub-Montane Tracts, and ethnologically and politically the notion was correct.

The only drawback was that it was altogether wrong. A native's life in India implies the life of his son. Wherefore, you cannot legislate for one generation at a time. You must consider the next from the native point of view. Curiously enough, the native now and then, and in Northern India more particularly, hates being over-protected against himself. There was a Naga village once where they lived on dead and buried Commissariat mules. But that is another story.

For many reasons, to be explained later, the people concerned objected to the bill. The native member in council knew as much about Punjabis as he knew about Charing Cross. He had said in Calcutta that "the bill was entirely in accord with the desires of that large and important class, the cultivators," and so on, and so on. The legal member's knowledge of natives was limited to English-speaking Durbaris, and his own red chaprassis, the Sub-Montane Tracts, concerned no one in particular, the deputy commissioners were a good deal too driven to make representations and the measure was one which dealt with small landholders only.

Nevertheless, the Legal Member prayed that it might be correct, for he was a nervously conscientious man. He did not know that no man can tell what natives think unless he mixes with them with the varnish off. And not always then. But he did the best he knew. And the measure came up to the Supreme Council for the final touches, while Tods patrolled the Burra Simla Bazar in his morning rides and played with the monkey belonging to Ditta Mull, the bunnia, and listened, as a child listens, to all the stray talk about this new freak of the Lat Sahib's.

One day there was a dinner party at the house of Tods's mamma, and the Legal Member came. Tods was in bed, but he kept awake till he heard the bursts of laughter from the men over the coffee. Then he paddled out in his little red flannel dressing gown and his night suit and took refuge by the side of his father, knowing that he would not be sent back.

"See the miseries of having a family!" said Tods's father, giving Tods three prunes, some water in a glass that had been used for claret, and telling him to sit still. Tods sucked the prunes slowly, knowing that he would have to go when they were finished, and sipped the pink water, like a man of the world, as he listened to the conversation. Presently the Legal Member, talking "shop" to the Head of a Department, used this phrase loud enough to hear, "The Sub-Montane Tracts Ryotwary Revised Enactment." Tods caught the one native word and, lifting up his small voice, said:

"Oh, I know all about that! Has it been murramutted yet, Councillor Sahib. Think like it," said the Legal Member.

"Murramutted—mended. Put there, you know—made nice to please Ditta Mull."

The Legal Member left his place and moved up next to Tods.

"What do you know about Ryotward, little man?" he said.

"I'm not a little man, I'm Tods, and I know all about it, Ditta Mull and Chuga Lall and Amir Nath, and—oh, lakhs of my friends tell me about it in the bazaars when I talk to them."

"Oh, they do—do they? what do they say, Tods?"

Tods tucked his feet under his red flannel dressing-gown and said, "I must think in English."

The Legal Member waited patiently. Then Tods, with infinite compassion: "You don't speak my talk, do you, Councillor Sahib?"

"No, I am sorry to say I do not," said the Legal Member.

"Then I must," said Tods. "I must think in English."

He spent a minute putting his ideas in order, and began very slowly translating in his mind from the vernacular to English, as many Anglo-Indian children do. You must remember that the Legal Member helped him on by questions when he halted, for Tods was not equal to the sustained flight of talking that follows.

"Ditta Mull says, 'This thing is the talk of a child, and was made up by fear. But I don't think you are a fool, Councillor Sahib,'" said Tods hastily. "You caught my goat. This is what Ditta Mull says. 'I am not a fool, and why should the Sirkar say I am a child? I can see if the land is good and if the landlord is good. If I am a fool, the sin is upon my own head. For five years I take my ground for which I have saved money, and a wife I take too, and a little son is born.' Ditta Mull has one daughter now, but he says he will have a son, soon. And he says:

"'At the end of five years, by this new bundobust, I must go. If I do not go, I must get fresh seals and takkus stamps on the papers, perhaps in the middle of the harvest, and to go to the law courts once is wisdom, but to go twice is Jehannum.' That is quite true," explained Tods gravely. "All my friends say so. And Ditta Mull says: 'Always fresh takkus and paying money to vakils and chaprassis and law courts every five years, or else the landlord makes me go. Why do I want to go? Am I a fool? If I am a fool and do not know, after forty years, good land when I see it, let me die! But if the new bundobust says for fifteen years, that is good and wise. My little son is a man, and I am burnt, and he takes the ground or another ground, paying only once for the takkus stamps on the papers, and his little son is born, and at the end of fifteen years is a man too. But what profit is there in five years and fresh papers? Nothing but dikh, trouble, dikh. We are not young men who take these lands, but old ones—not jats, but tradesmen with a little money—and for fifteen years we shall have peace. Nor are we children that the Sirkar should treat us so.'"

Here Tods stopped short, for the whole table were listening. The Legal Member said to Tods: "Is that all?"

"All I can remember," said Tods. "But you should see Ditta Mull's big monkey. It's just like a Councillor Sahib."

"Tods! Go to bed," said the father.

Tods gathered up his dressing-gown tail and departed.

The Legal Member brought his hand down on the table with a crash—"By Jove!" said the Legal Member, "I believe the boy is right. The short tenure is the weak point."

He left early, thinking over what Tods had said. Now, it was obviously impossible for the Legal Member to play with a bunnia's monkey, by way of getting understanding; but he did better. He made inquiries, always bearing in mind the fact that the real native—not the hybrid, university-trained mule—is as timid as a colt, and, little by little, he coaxed some of the men whom the measure concerned most intimately to give in their views, which squared very closely with Tods's evidence.

So the Bill was amended in that clause, and the Legal Member was filled with an uneasy suspicion that Native Members represent very little except the Orders they carry on their bosoms. But he put the thought from him as illiberal. He was a most Liberal man.

After a time the news spread through the harassed tract: Tods had got the Bill recast in the tenure-clauses, and if Tods's mamma had not interfered Tods would have made himself sick on the baskets of fruit and pistachio nuts and Cabuli grapes and almonds that crowded the veranda. Till he went home Tods ranked some few degrees before the Viceroy in popular estimation. But for the little life of him Tods could not understand why.

In the Legal Member's private paper box still lies the rough draught of the Sub-Montane Tracts Ryotwary Revised Enactment, and opposite the twenty-second clause, pencilled in blue chalk and signed by the Legal Member are the words "Tods's Amendment."

No Valentine.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

"I SHALL not send a valentine
This year to Lizzie Green.
For she ain't any beau of mine—
She's acted awful mean.
I've give her all my apple cores
And let her chew my gum,
But she's proved to be a dangerous flirt—
Oh, yes, I liked 'er some.

"But she can't be my valentine
The same 's she was last year.
She'll find she better chase herself
And keep away from here.
She better give that Billy Smith
Another piece of pie,
She thinks herself so awful smart—
I ain't a-goin' ter cry.

"She better give me back the gum
I kindly lent to her,
I've threw her lock of hair away,
I ain't collectin' fur!
Next girl I have'll be a boy,
Because it ain't polite
To lick a girl you quarrel with;
But boys, they like ter fight."